

CHARIVARIA.

We are getting on at last. In phantom airships Great Britain is now *facile princeps*.

**

Meanwhile some surprise has been expressed that, although a German balloon which was taking part in the Hurlingham race attempted, in its descent, to demolish an Englishman's Home near Bow, not a single newspaper mobilised its war correspondents.

**

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD thinks we made a mistake, when the first *Dreadnought* was constructed, to draw attention to that vessel. We believe that as a matter of fact it was intended at one time to disguise her as a torpedo-boat, but the proposal was found to be impracticable.

**

And LORD CHARLES tells us that, if we can come to an arrangement with our Colonies and keep the two-Power standard, "we can smoke our cigars and smile." What, with cigars at 1½d. owing to the Budget? We fear not.

**

MR. HALDANE'S announcement that there is to be a census of horses has caused some uneasiness in equine circles. The silly creatures imagine they are going to be taxed.

**

A sensational plot has, we hear, just been disclosed to the police whereby a number of Suffragettes were to gain entrance to 10, Downing Street, by pretending to be foreign *mannequins*.

**

"A man can get drunk once a week fairly safely," said the City Coroner at an inquest. "It is the constant nipping that does the harm." Well, the Children Act will, anyhow, do something to protect the little nipper against himself.

**

Bishop TUCKER, of Uganda, started life as a painter, we are told, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. Reformed artists are, we believe, extremely rare.

**

That the author's profession is in a bad way cannot be denied, and from time to time proposals are made with a

view to its amelioration. At last, apparently, something practical is to be done. "In order," we read, "to check the over-production of yarns in Lancashire the Whitsuntide holidays will be extended to ten days."

**

It is denied that since the burglary at Charterhouse School a number of the boys have been leaving their lexicons and text-books about in tempting positions.

**

Pretty manners, and especially respect for age, are so rare nowadays that we were peculiarly gratified at an incident which came under our notice in a Tube the other day. The carriage was full,



The Master. "WHAT'S THIS, JOHN?"

Gardener. "IT'S A BREAD-FRUIT TREE, SIR."

The Master. "INDEED! A CURIOUS PLANT. WELL, WE'D BETTER NOT LET THE BAKER KNOW ABOUT IT. IT MIGHT ANNOY HIM. AND, OF COURSE, WE SHALL HAVE TO DEAL WITH HIM OCCASIONALLY, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE HAVE VISITORS."

and a youth was standing in front of a small boy in spectacles. Suddenly the latter said, "Excuse me, Sir, but how old are you?" "Fifteen," answered the youth. "Well, I'm only fourteen," answered Spectacles, rising. "Take my seat, I pray you."

**

"What's that cap for?" asked the customer of the hatter, pointing to the latest monstrosity. "For shooting, Sir," said the hatter. "Then I should do so at once," remarked the customer.

**

M. CAMBON, speaking at the French Chamber of Commerce in London, assured his audience that the French tariff changes were not aimed at Great Britain. Well, let us hope that there will be no erratic marksmanship.

It is rumoured in the musical world that a certain eminent Double Bass is about to issue a circular stating that in spite of the Budget his prices will remain the same as heretofore.

THE NEW TERROR.

Mr. Punch's Meteoritical Department has pleasure in recommending the following protective devices for use in connection with airships:—

1. THE ENGLISHMAN'S DOME.—You can walk beneath this portable roof—light but strong, running on ball bearings, 3-speed gear—and go abroad with perfect safety. Hang your luggage on the hooks in the dome, and save cab fares. A perfect substitute for the old-fashioned umbrella.

It will pay you to buy a Dome!

MR. T. ROOSEVELT writes:—"There are no airships here; but thanks a thousand times! The very thing I wanted! Close the bomb-proof door, and lions can do nothing with you. I fell off the cow-catcher last week, and wasn't hurt any. I shall never go out again without one of your Domes. Bully!"

2. A Cheaper Article—THE PNEUMATIC HELMET—for Glancing Shocks. Special arrangements for Heads of Families.

3. Aviators should note this! THE SPRING SHOCK-ABSORBER. Powerful Springs, held in place within our specially designed costume, extending instantly in every direction on being released. You can positively enjoy the sensation of the longest fall, and anticipate the inevitable bump with pleasure.

Unsolicited testimonial from Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT:—"Say! I came an Orville cropper to-day, but I was all Wright. I wear your patent suit in spring, summer, and fall. Thought you might like these easy puns."

4. Absolutely indispensable! Our PATENT PARACHUTE TROUSERS. Expand as you descend. Air-tight seams. Rubber facings.

5. Try our PATENT VERTICAL ACTION MACHINE GUN, and keep your rights to the Eimpyrean respected. Easy terms on the Maxim Hiram Payment System.

A HARMONY IN SPLITS.

[Colonel MARK LOCKWOOD, in the regrettable absence of the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, announced, amid much laughter, that the "super-tax" of 1d on every glass of whisky supplied to the House had been reduced by one-half, and that the charge would be 3½d. for short measures and 6½d. for long ones. By buying a double portion Members could save one half-penny on the cost of two single portions. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to the gallant Colonel by a member of the opposite Party.]

COLONEL! you have the cause of Peace at heart;

The recent spirit-crisis proves you rich in

Those qualities that so become your part

As Acting-Chairman of the Commons Kitchen—

Stern scion of a warrior breed,

Yet like a mother in our homely need!

What time you filled the void we all deplore,

Due to the absence of Sir A. JACOB,

Changed was the voice that in the battle's roar

Would cry, "*Vae victis!*" ("To the vanquished woe be!");

Soft were the tones and even fluty

In which you dwelt upon the whisky duty.

Thanks to the Budget, we were asked to blow

An extra penny piece on every portion;

Whether we took a short or lengthy go

There was the same intolerable extortion:

But you have halved the fiscal fee,

And oh, the blessed difference to me!

Our drams, moreover, as you pointed out,

If in a double dose we shrewdly bought 'em

(As would be natural in a session's drought

Likely to last well on into the Autumn),

Should, by a simple calculation,

Save us a solid sou on each potation.

And here, as in a glass, I roughly trace

The solvent you have sought for party passion;

I recognise a subtle means of grace

In the long draught that men may split their cash on:

When rival wits their toddy share,

They constitute the true ideal "pair."

Drowned in a blend of barley, malt and rye,

Behold our hot imaginations cooling!

The two Front Benches, seeing eye to eye,

Shall join, by means of spirituous pooling,

In harmonies of whisky-soda,

Capped by a clinching undiluted coda.*

O. S.

* Musical Term. "A few measures added beyond the natural termination of a composition."—Webster.

IN CHAMBERS.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

If the following discussion took place at all (which you are not bound to believe) it must be admitted that it was not a business matter. Jones Senior and Junior, were personal friends of Counsel, and came to consult him upon the matter as such. To be a barrister does not deprive a man of the greatest pleasure in life, the advising of friends *gratis* upon the better conduct of their own private affairs. The fact that the giving of advice took place in chambers does not make the matter a professional one, but does justify its inclusion in the present series.

It appears that, for as long as Jones Junior could, Jones Junior had avoided the subject of what he was going to be. But though Jones Senior loved his son with a great love he could not contemplate with equanimity the prospect of maintaining him in leisured ease for ever. The time had at last

arrived at which a choice of professions for Jones Junior became imperative.

"Jones Senior," said Jones Junior, "what am I going to be?"

"Be a Poet," said Jones Senior.

"Not if I know it," said Jones Junior, with unconscious aptness.

"If you will not be a Poet," said Jones Senior, "be a Socialist."

"Father," said Jones Junior reprovingly, "I am serious." And Jones Senior, not being able to see for the life of him why a Socialist should not be a serious Socialist, ceased suggesting. Jones Junior thereupon went through the category of professions, and had no difficulty in showing how unsuited he was for each of them. Jones Senior, who, unlike most fathers, was amenable to argument, sorrowfully admitted the truth of his son's words, and matters seemed to have come to a permanent *impasse*, when Jones Junior was struck with a brilliant idea. Who could deny that the practice of Crime was a profession at once engrossing, original, lucrative and sporting? That was the pith of Jones Junior's suggestion, and Jones Senior, whose moral fibre was of the weakest, at once fell in with it. It was at this point that Counsel was consulted.

The first question that he naturally put was as to which side of the profession Jones Junior should adopt—Felony or Misdemeanour. "Without advancing an opinion as to the merits of either," said J.J., "I refuse from the outset to devote my life to mere Misdemeanours, a course of conduct which, to the uninformed layman at any rate, appears to consist of little else than eating potatoes with your knife, and unpunctuality. No, if I go in for Crime I go in for Felony; and if I go in for Felony I go in for Murder."

"Well spoken, Sir," said Counsel; "but do you quite realise what Murder is? I have here a small handbook which will give us a precise definition of that trade. 'The word *murder* is derived from the Germanic MORTH . . .'"

"We may perhaps omit that part," said Jones Senior.

" . . . It consists of (1) unlawfully (2) killing (3) a reasonable creature (4) who is in being (5) and under the King's Peace (6) with malice aforethought . . ."

"Is there much more?" asked Jones Junior, anxiously.

" . . . (7) the death following within a year and a day."

"Dropping for a moment the other six points, what may 'malice aforethought' be?"

"I will read that to you," said Counsel. But at the end of the first twenty minutes' reading the Joneses interrupted, "We do not on the whole think that we can manage it."

Counsel felt bound to agree with them. "Not only is there that complication, but the slightest slip will turn all your efforts into mere Manslaughter, and there is always the danger that you might in the end achieve a Homicide, which might not only be Excusable, but actually Justifiable. Let us try Burglary."

"That is a good idea," said Jones Senior, not because he thought Counsel clever, but because he had just thought of that himself.

" . . . Breaking and entering at night with intent to commit some felony therein a dwelling house, a church or a walled town.' How would that suit you?"

"The idea of the 'walled town' is, of course, childish," said J.J., "but the other part seems more feasible. I think I will take Burglary."

"Without any desire to balk you of your choice, I must remind you that not only does the barest description of 'breaking and entering' fill sixty-three pages, but there is also required a *Mens Rea*."

"And what is a *Mens Rea*?"

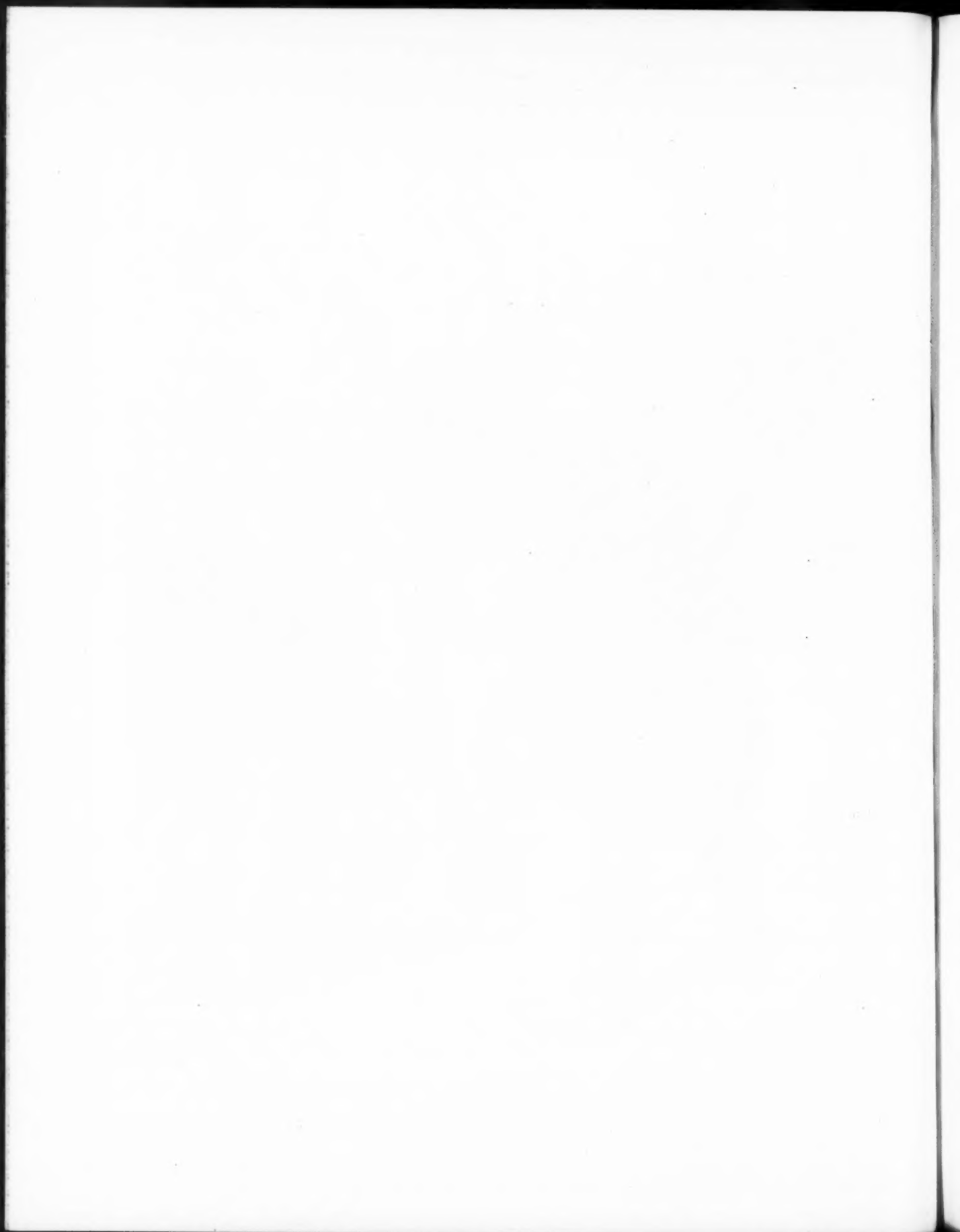
"Much the same as Malice Aforethought, only a chapter and a half longer."



THE YOUNG LIONS OF THE PRESS.

BRITISH LION. "WELCOME, BOYS! WE'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO HAVE A ROUND OF DINNERS, LUNCHEONS, GARDEN-PARTIES—AND CONFERENCES."

CHORUS OF IMPERIAL GUESTS. "SPLENDID!—ER—NEED WE GO TO THE CONFERENCES?"





Mrs. Jonah Q. Perks (on her first visit to Paris—addressing *Maitre d'Hôtel*). "SAY—ER—GASSONG, OO AY LE DINING-ROOM?"
Maitre d'Hôtel. "FIRST FLOOR ON THE RIGHT, MADAME." Mrs. J. Q. P. (with relief). "OH! YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?"

"Burglary is off," said J.J. decisively. "I must be a mere thief."

"Larceny consists," read Counsel, "of (1) taking and (2) carrying away, or, if a Bailee, (3) appropriating (4) another person's (5) personal chattel (6) of some value (7) without claim of right (8) with intent to deprive that other person of the whole benefit of his title to the chattel (9) and . . ."

"That will do. Even allowing for the prolixity of the writer, due, no doubt, to his love of ostentation, I refuse to have anything to do with Larceny. Have you nothing easier than that?"

"If you would only be content with a Misdemeanour," said Counsel, "you might well be an Incorrigible Rogue and Vagabond."

"Jones Senior," said Jones Junior, "this is becoming absurd. I think after all I will be a Poet."

ODE TO A SO-CALLED SPRING CHICKEN.

LONG since, in stately progress through your yard,
 From all things underfoot you felt revolt,
 Skyward you fix'd your passionate regard,
 An other-worldly poult.

Your voice as well, that ushered in the morn,
 And roused the farmer from his rural crib,
 Clear as the clarion of a motor-horn
 (And reproduced *ad lib.*)—

This also marked you from the common group
 Of mortal creatures with their few brief suns;

You were not meant to know an earthly coop,
 Nor pace terrestrial runs.

And so, in death, 'twas but the baser part
 (That had not known the thrill of joy and pain,
 The hope to soar, the ecstasy of art,—
 Your legs, to make it plain)—

'Twas only these that served our simple clay,
 And passed the boundaries of human lips;
 And I have dined on one of them to-day
 With *pommes de terre* in chips.

But not the breast!—where beat the ardent soul
 Which made you challenger of rival kings:
 That mounted up to some ethereal goal,
 Rapt on your seraph wings.

"How do you know," the careless scoffer seeks,
 "What after-world awaits domestic brutes?"
 "Have I not dined" (I answer) "here for weeks
 On limbs as tough as boots?"

And when the waiter hears my murmured plaint
 He tells me (with that low respectful cough,
 As who should speak of some departed saint)
 The nobler parts are off.

"Off!" How he puts it in a single word!
 I see you cast your mortal coil and rise,
 Leaving no relic of the carnal bird
 Save amputated thighs.

OUR JAMIE.

[Mr. Punch is unable to explain the following article. He sent his special Sporting Correspondent to Birmingham (at great expense) to report the Test Match, and this is all that he has received in exchange. Whether his correspondent read Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS's book, *Adventures in London*, during the luncheon intervals, and unconsciously assimilated that writer's style; or whether the expert article intended for this paper is, by some accident of the post, now in the offices of *The Morning Leader*, Mr. Punch cannot presume to say.]

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES IN BIRMINGHAM.

THE other morning, being afflicted by the crudity of the Carlton, I drifted into Birmingham. A vast crowd of men was pursuing its way with single intentness of purpose in one direction. They looked neither to the right nor to the left. They did not even look at me. My curiosity was stimulated. Where was this vast crowd drifting? Moved by a whim, I followed them. This was indeed an adventure. What on earth was going to happen?

And then suddenly it flashed on me that I had stumbled upon a "Test Match." A game of crickets between the glorious manhood of this happy isle "set in a silver sea" and the equally glorious manhood of that other island, Australia. In my boyhood there used to be a catch question we asked one of the other, "Which is the biggest island in the world?" When the answer came, "Borneo," or whatever it might be, then swift as a razor-stroke flashed the triumphant retort, "No, Australia." Perhaps the objection would be made, and sustained by childish recourse to fisticuffs, that Australia was not an island, but a continent—I cannot remember. At any rate England was now playing Australia at this game of crickets, on this ground at Birmingham, whither I had drifted.

Two men armed with blades of willow stand at the wickets. Two others—clothed in white smocks, the emblem of Justice and Truth—stand by to see fair play. The ends of their dark trousers project from beneath their white smocks as if to show that they are but human after all. Indeed my neighbour informs me in a whisper that when just now old LILLEY appealed for a leg-snap the men in the white smocks would not allow the appeal. Verily, to err is human.

"Blooming beggar must have been blind," says my neighbour.

I tell him that Justice is proverbially blind.

Round the wickets eleven men are placed at craftily cunning angles. One of them, strange to say, is swathed and gauntleted, though the day is warm. It gives him a strangely overdressed appearance. Yet in a subtle way it makes one feel that whatever comes he

will be ready for it. Beside him the others look bare, unclothed. Upbraidedly nude. This over-dressed man is a very JASON among them. He reminds me of *Pelleas*. He reminds me of HARRY LAUDER.

I ask my neighbour to point out this LILLEY to me. There he is, over there. It is our swathed and gauntleted friend. The over-dressed man. So that is GEORGE LILLEY.

The ball is bowled. It flies through the air with the swiftness of the swallow and the subtle swoop of the snipe. The batsman flings his bat at it viciously, as one slashes at a thistle. There is a click. And then echoing over the sward comes LILLEY's voice, "How's that?"

It is a wonderful voice, of a modulated resonance that would touch a TETRAZZINI to tears. It has echoing deeps in it like velvet darkness, and the syllables are soft plumes of sound. On the upper register it writhes into discordance, but on the lower it is a plastic harmony. It lingers and stirs and embraces and clings. It stabs but leaves no scar. It is all violet voluptuousness. It—I shall get it soon . . .

There is a ragged volley of appeal from lesser voices. The man in the white smock bites it into silence. "Out," he snaps. And in the interval of waiting for the next batsman my companion points out A. C. MACLAREN to me.

So that is MACLAREN. "ARTHUR," my neighbour calls him familiarly. It is a friendly game, this game of crickets. I shall call him ARTHUR, too. Am I not initiate now? One of the great cricket-loving manseape of England?

ARTHUR MACLAREN. I wonder what the "C" stands for. COLUMBUS, possibly; or CATO. No, surely it is CROMWELL—the leader of men. For this ARTHUR MACLAREN dominates his fellows as a pretty actress at the Carlton dominates the swain who attends her thither. He is a clean-cut king among men. One perceives that he is a fighter, iron-grey and doughty. He should be wearing a plume in his helmet, a breastplate of gold; gleaming greaves should be on his calves. At the least he should have the leg guards and gauntlets.

He stands at his ease, tossing the jolly red ball from one hand to the other. If he were a conjurer he would turn it into a rabbit. One feels that he would have made a good conjurer, and that it would have been a good rabbit. Now I look at him again he reminds me of BERTRAM. He has the nose of a CESAR. It stands out like a cliff. It is the Scawfell of nervous vitality. I could write a book about his nose. He is as delightfully English as the KAISER is German. You could not imagine a German MACLAREN. He reminds me of BISMARCK. I have

met him somewhere, I feel certain; perhaps on the heights of Olympus, perhaps at the Carlton. He stands there, at short mid-wickets, this ARTHUR MACLAREN, a white glamour of fluent curves; and it would take a SHAKESPEARE, a SHELLEY, a WATTS-DUNTON to sing his praise.

It is a great game, our game of crickets. The rout of youth climbs its shattering way through the playing fields of Eton to the headstrong heights of Tugela, untainted by the meretricious yesterdays. Out of the throat of the brutal past we have bitten our way to chivalry. Our soul is toxic with the delight of battle, aflame with the acrid keenness of its scent. This is the effervescing secret of our inheritance. This is the battle of nations—England against Australia.

[For latest scores see page 6.]

A. A. M.

MORE "UNGOTTEN" MINERALS.

As a true Englishman and patriot my motto is, "Every (other) Briton must pay his income tax." My objection to Income Tax Commissioners is that they persist in concentrating their attention on me instead of harrying notorious evaders. However, of one thing I am certain—too much study of the Budget proposals is unwise—especially last thing at night.

The first part of my dream was not so bad. I had been hunted into my hen-roost by a covetous Chancellor. With a view to gaining favour in his Nonconformist eyes I posed as a Passive Resister. Unfortunately this did not appeal to him in his official capacity. He handed me an Income Tax form and sternly bade me fill it up.

This was quite easy.

Earned income, £300. Income derived from houses, buildings, land, roller skating rinks, Rand mines, tithe, and breweries, *nil*. Total Income, £300, from which I could deduct £150 on account of fifteen children all under the age of sixteen.

Net income £150, of which £160 is exempt (which, as Euclid would observe in his concise way, is absurd).

Income for Taxation purposes, minus £10.

I drew up an account of *minus* £10 at 9d., and said politely to the Chancellor, "As far as I can make out the Government owes me 7s. 6d. I might have charged you on the 1s. 2d. rate, as you have not earned it, but I am a patriot. Please give me 7s. 6d. and eight *Dreadnoughts* at once."

The Chancellor scowled at the form.

"Ah!" he said, "but you have two rich uncles with a quarter of a million

each. There must be an entry under the heading of Ungotten Minerals."

"My dear Chancellor," I protested, "it would be easier for a Church School teacher to extract a salary from a Welsh County Council than for me to raise a solitary sovereign out of my deplorably miserly relatives."

"A couple of strokes of a pick-axe would place all that gold at your disposal," he answered grimly.

"But I should be hanged!" I protested feebly.

"You call yourself a patriot and grudge the Government its Death Duties, do you? One halfpenny in the £ on half a million amounts to £1,041 13s. 4d. Unless this is paid in fourteen days immediate distraint will be made."

But the dream brightened at the finish, for I had a consoling vision of an auctioneer attempting to raise this sum from a sale of my rejected MSS.

REDFORD MUSAGETES.

(After Matthew Arnold.)

[The following lines are supposed to be addressed to Mr. REDFORD from the Afternoon Theatre by Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who accuses the Censor of making *The Merry Widow* his standard of dramatic propriety.]

Nor here, my good fellow!

Are plays meet for you,
But where Aldwych is hoisting
Its pomp to the blue;

Or where moon-smitten millions
Unceasingly crowd
At the entrance of Daly's—
Go there and be proud.

To the seats on the house-top
The multitude flock;
They are fighting their hunger
With peppermint rock.

On the *fautuil* beneath sits
The blue-blooded swell;
He has robed him and dined him
Remarkably well.

What gowns are these coming?
What hats, and by whom?
What skirt-trains outswEEPing
The vacuum broom?

What sweet-breathing music
Unchastened of Time?
What hosen illumed by
The light of the lime?

'Tis EDWARDES presenting
His loveliest dream!
They all were stupendous,
But this is the cream!

Lo, here is the drama
Your wits understand;
The Muse you have fostered
And foist on our land!

The choruses chirrup
And pass to the wings;



OUR NERVY DEGENERATES.

Professional (giving a lesson on the first green). "NOW TAKE YOUR CLEEK, SIR—THERE'S NOBODY ABOUT—AND TRY A FEW SHOTS BACK TO THE TEE!"

Algy. "UGH! HORRIBLE! COULDN'T DO IT—IT'S LIKE STROKING VELVET THE WRONG WAY!"

The wags entertain us
And somebody sings.

What strife do they tell off?
What passions expound?
Why, earth, and the motive
That makes her go round.

First show they the flirting
Of flappers, and then
The rest of existence,
The childhood of men;

The dance in its daring,
The Corybant's wreath;
The time-honoured chestnut,
The Stars and their teeth.

"Sussex: 46 for 1 Lunch."—*Star*.

What is one leg and a slice of ham
among so many?

Notice on Yarmouth (I.W.) Pier:—

"Any person going on the pier without first producing his railway ticket, or paying the authorised toll, or insulting or annoying the piermaster or any other official, is liable to a fine of £5."

With such a choice of alternatives the fine should not often be incurred.

S.P.C.K.N.

"An exciting fire broke out yesterday on the premises of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Northumberland-avenue."—*Daily Mirror*.

A similar society for Whitefriars would be no bad thing.

The result of the Derby was something of a paradox, for EDWARD THE SEVENTH was First and William the Fourth was Third.

DEVOTEES OF DISCORD AT QUEEN'S HALL.

TELEPATHY OR KLEPTOMANIA?

We have been favoured—if the term can be fittingly employed in such a context—with an advanced proof of the analysis of a work entitled *Ode to Discord*, perpetrated by Sir Charles Stanford, which is to be performed by the New



DESIGN FOR AN ODE TO DISCORD.

Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall on the 9th inst. We have been spared the "poem,"—a considerate omission, to judge from the music, which is throughout in an advanced stage of de-composition, but the perusal of this preliminary document, which describes the Ode as "A Chimerical Bombination in Four Bursts," has filled us with mingled feelings, in which anxiety predominates. Thus we read that the orchestra will be reinforced on this occasion "by a Hydrophone, a Tamburone Bombastico, a real Jamboun, and a Contrabass-Macaron," while the *dramatis personæ* include "Chromatic Brigands, Double-sharpers, Contrapunters, and syncopated Suffragetti." This is bad, but worse follows. Thus in the opening movement a reference to waterfalls is suggested "by the soft 'swishing' (to borrow a graphic Eton phrase) of the Hydrophone," while in the Second Burst our attention is called to the following "beautiful progression on the trumpets:—



which passes into a resumption of the main theme (No. 7) in E flat minor, and shortly after in E major, where the Trombones, the bloodhounds of the orchestra, triumphantly bay it out in full force." The Burst ends with the impressive Invocation of the Bass Tuba, which enters with a booming roar, and, after striking the astonished firmament and rebounding therefrom,



descends (by request) to his lowest note



The Third Movement or Burst partakes of the nature of an Oasis in a Grand Sahara of Cacophony, but in the Finale, to quote from the analysis, "the forces of Discord again awake, and their resuscitation is indicated by a Prelude founded on snatches of a theme which continually dominates the movement. This subject is admittedly a chromatic version of the well-known Volkslied,

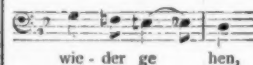
'Wir wollen nicht bis Morgen früh
Nach Hause wieder gehen'

(literally, 'We will not go home again until early to-morrow morning'),

as will be evident from the following quotations:—



Wir wol-len nicht bis Mor-gen früh Nach Hau-se



wie-der ge-hen,

and



Wol-len nicht bis Mor-gen früh Nach Hau-se wie-der gehen,

the first being the subject of a fugue, in which the 'blithe Anarchs' disport themselves to the manner born. The booming of the Chimæra, personified by the Tuba Mirabilis, is heard through the tumult, while the chromatic scales of the Anarchs crowd round it. As the welter proceeds, phrases from the main theme of Burst the Second (No. 7) appear, the approach of a climax being heralded by the organ-tuner's scale, ascending step by step, all three themes combining at the longed-for appearance of 'the Hideous.' The Volkslied now rears its hitherto diminished head in an augmented form, when the movement reaches the key (more recognisable, perhaps, by its signature of one sharp than by its sound) of G major; the solemn notes of the organ accentuate the piety of the throng,



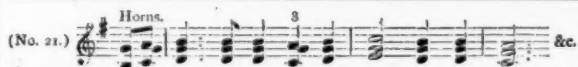
and a series of strepitously explosive augmented fifths leads to the high-water mark of sonority, where the unhappy Volkslied is thundered out in both forms, simultaneously dovetailed.



A short allusion to the theme (No. 7), a rush of descending chromatic diminished fifths, and a swirl of the Hydrophone indicate the sudden hush of the Anarchs as they hear their inevitable fate approaching. Then the Outraged Volkslied asserts itself on the Horns of its Dilemma in its true Diatonic colours:—



Conductor. "THERE'S NO NEED TO STAND, SIR. PLENTY OF ROOM UP IN FRONT!"



and the Trumpets also are just expressing their determination to put off their return home until the Diatonic Daylight,



when the Goddess once more comes to the rescue of the affrighted Anarchs, and with a *fortissimo* 'Hence, loathed melody,' and a shout of reprobation from the Chorus, the last vestige of Tonality departs."

Enough has been quoted to indicate the nature of this appalling work. But what Mr. Punch wants to know is whether such onslaughts ought to be allowed to be made on the unprotected tympana of the British public with impunity? Ought composers to be permitted to tax the systems of performers without being super-taxed in turn? These are only a few of the thoughts prompted by a perusal of this blood-curdling analysis. And this is not merely a question of national hygiene. Graver issues are involved by the composer's unscrupulous use of themes clearly borrowed, though in perverted form, from composers who in most cases are no longer able to protest against this treatment. Telepathy can hardly explain this *op*-lifting from BEETHOVEN and WAGNER. Kleptomania is probably the most charitable excuse that can be put forward.

Mr. Punch notes in conclusion that this lurid forecast of

the music of the future has been appropriately illustrated by the pencil of an artist named MORROW. The scene depicted is that of the Shrine of Discord, in which the goddess, holding her notorious apple in one hand and a broken tuning-fork in the other, surveys the orgies of her votaries with contorted features and eyeballs askew. Note in the foreground the ignominious exit of the old masters—MOZART, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, etc.—one of them *minus* an ear, and all deluged by streams of water ejected from the nozzle of the hydrophone.

Westminster Abbey.

For whom shall England's high memorial fane
Offer a resting-place of hallowed stone
When they have nobly lived their destined span?
The nation speaks her choice, but speaks in vain;
The final verdict lies with one alone—
A Mr. ROBINSON, a clergyman.

Trousers as Foot-warmers.

From a testimonial to a leather company:—

"There has never been the slightest suspicion of dampness, and what I think of as much importance when alternating runs of four and five miles in the motor, with short walks through deep slush, my feet have remained dry and warm throughout, as made on the principles you suggested and worn inside the trousers."

"In an aside Mr. Healy expressed the conviction that the Budget is wrong, lock, stock, and barrel."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Especially barrel.



WHITSUNTIDE MANŒUVRES.

C.O. "FIX—BAYONETS!"

Sergeant-Major. "BEG PARDON, SIR, I'RADIN' WITHOUT BAYONETS. ORDER FROM HEAD-QUARTERS RETURN ALL BAYONETS TO STORE LAST WEEK."

C.O. "OH, YES, YES, MY MISTAKE. UNFIX—BAYONETS!"

MY MILLIONAIRE.

("Everything was worthy of a millionaire of cultivated taste."—*The Westminster Gazette*.)

I HOPE I am a modest man: I do not brag aloud
Of all the things that give me joy or might have made me
proud;

But yet I cannot doubt it gives the mildest man an air
To know that he has spoken to a solid millionaire.

This bliss was mine; my wealthy friend was not as others
are:

He had a jewelled holder for his seven-inch cigar;
His Albert chain was thick with gems, his fingers teemed
with rings,
And on his chest were diamond stars and other costly things.

His waistcoats were a sight to see; their buttons were of
gold;

His shirts were trimmed with yards of lace, light-brown and
very old.

His bath-taps ran with ruby wine, and when he combed his
hair

With golden combs you felt he was indeed a millionaire.

I cannot tell the thousand things that went to make him
great:

The sums he paid in income-tax; the cost of his estate;
His motor-cars and newspapers—he ran the lot for fun—
And all the moneyed deeds he did, and all he could have
done.

His butler was a ruined Duke; his footmen, you could see,
Were youths of ancient lineage and very high degree.
His housemaids were a giddy throng of twenty titled girls,
And every day his boots were brushed by Marquises or
Earls.

Of course you know the reason well: LLOYD-GEORGE had taxed
them all;

With one accord they left their Park, their Castle or their
Hall;

Gave up the smiling pleasantries they formerly had graced,
And chose to serve a millionaire of cultivated taste.

Things are not as they used to be—somehow they never were;
These Budget days are dark for all, since all must pay a
share;

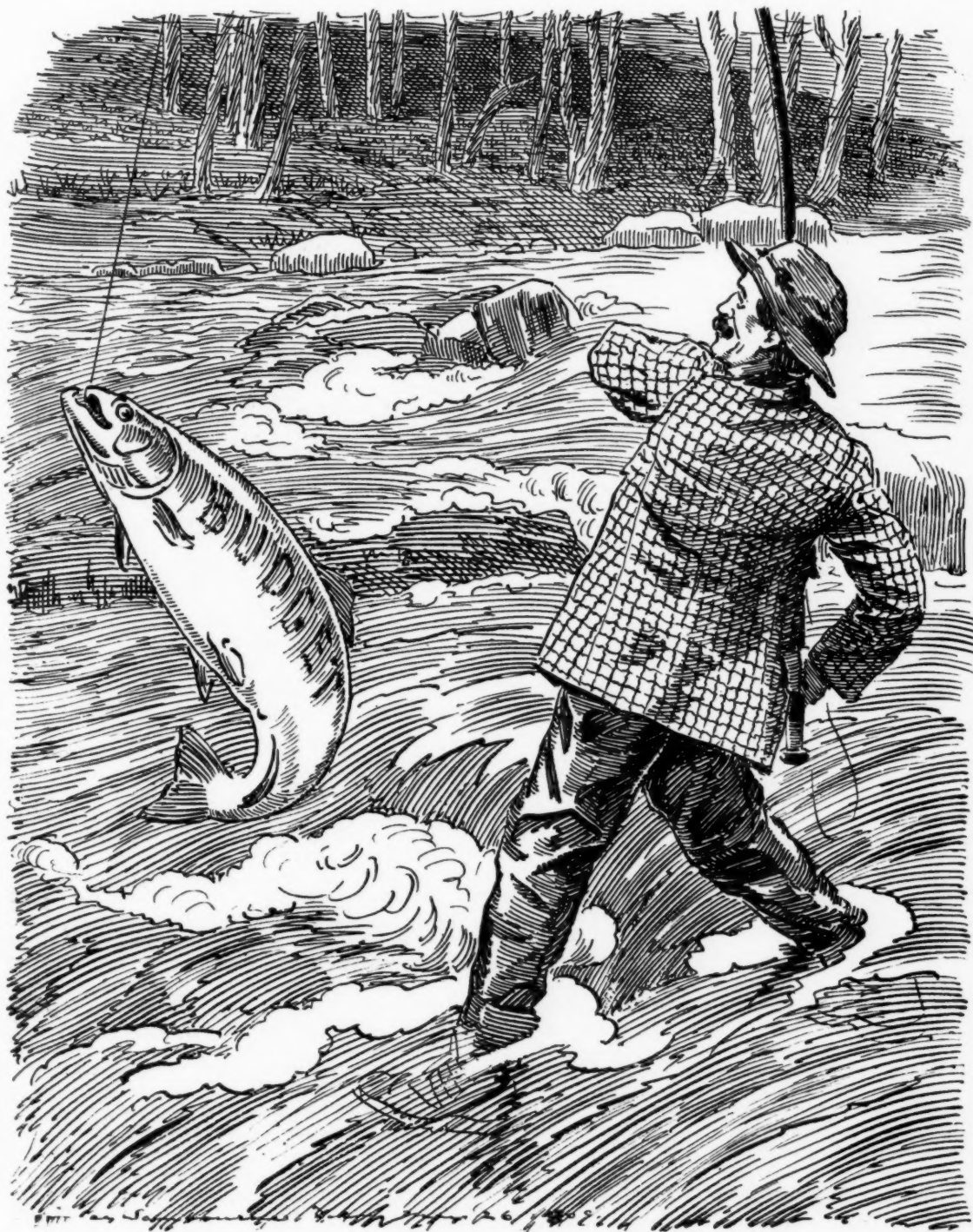
But from my mind one memory can never be effaced—
My meeting with a millionaire of cultivated taste.

It may be remembered that a fortnight ago we commented
upon the disposition of parts of the Hertford crew to train
independently of each other, and recommended them to meet
during the races. We now read in *The Sportsman* :—

"On Thursday Queen's, through a mishap in the boat, lost a place to
Hertford, but the latter made amends on this occasion, and, gaining
rapidly by the Weirs Bridge, caught Hertford as the boats were coming
out of the Gut."

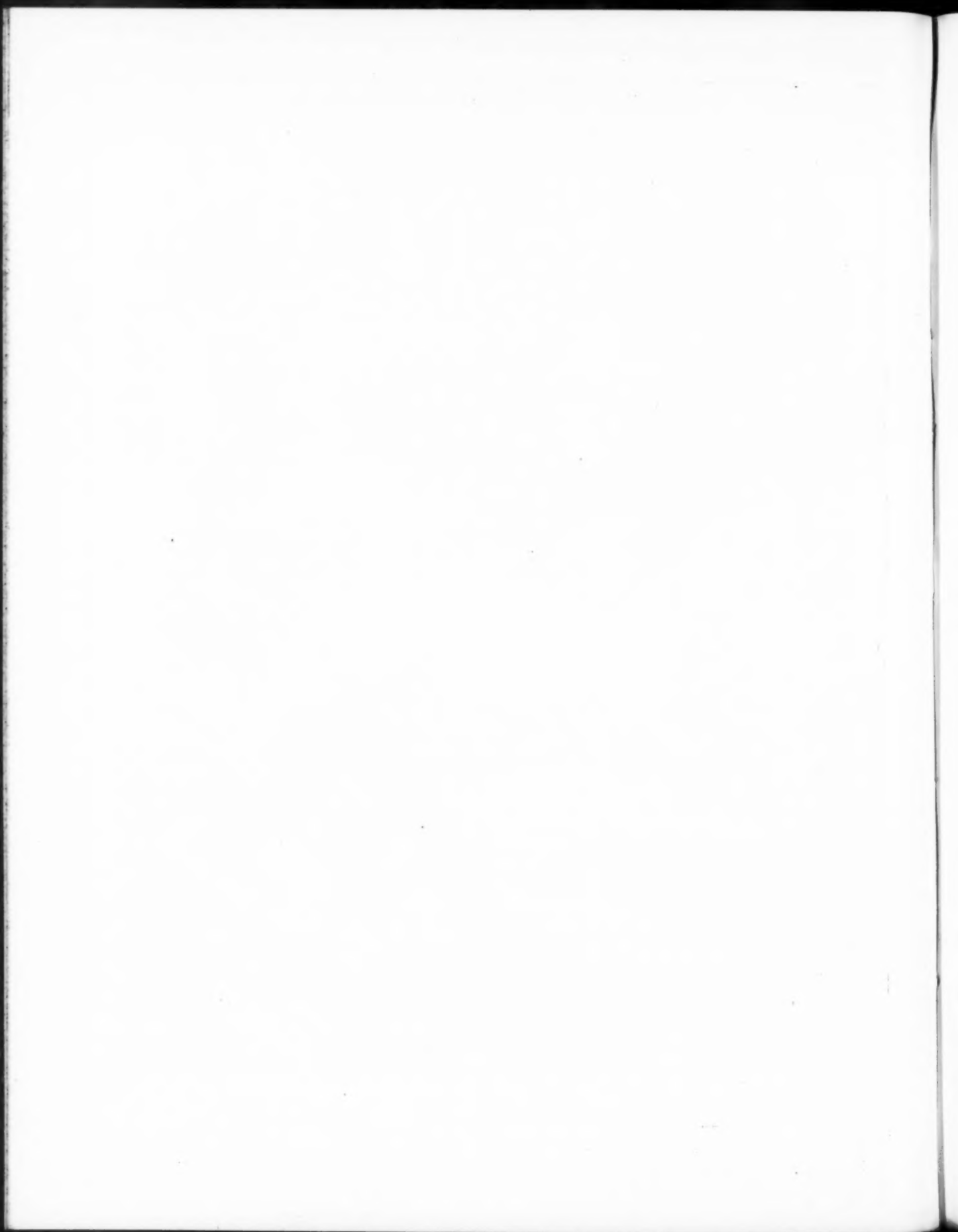
From which it would seem that they took our advice. On
the other hand (to quote the same paper) :—

"University 2 finished a long way behind University 2."



A "SIXTEEN MILLION" POUNDER.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE. "OF COURSE, I SHALL LAND HIM ALL RIGHT. THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHEN?"
THE FISH. "WELL, PERSONALLY I'M GAME TO PLAY WITH YOU TILL WELL ON INTO THE AUTUMN."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.
House of Lords, Monday, May 21.—In



THE HISTORIAN OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

"I say, Mr. Speaker, without fear of contradiction, that it is without exception the finest, the best, etc., etc."—*ad infinitum*.

(Sir Henry Craik)

moment of happy inspiration, Lord LOVAT, sixteenth Baron, fell upon a way that seems to point to revolution in procedure. Had on the paper a question addressed to UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR touching details of Territorial Force. Having submitted it, he remarked that it was hopeless to expect information from the Government.

"I shall therefore," he said, "endeavour to answer the question myself;" and straightway proceeded to do so.

Of course the principle underlying this innovation is not new. Readers of *Dombey and Son* remember how the eldest of Dr. Blimber's pupils at Brighton chiefly occupied his time in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex." Never before has it been applied to the business of Parliament. Its advantages are obvious. Valuable time will be saved to overworked officials of the State who now spend their early mornings in preparing answers to multifarious questions, the large majority trivially controversial. It will avoid heated temper; above all, will stay the pestilence of supplementary questions.

No noble lord (and very few hon. Members), having answered his own question, would immediately after resuming his seat jump up again and remark, "Arising out of that reply, I beg to ask whether—," and so on.

It happened that shortly before this happy thought struck LOVAT in the Lords a new turn was given to Questions in the Commons by action of the PRIME MINISTER. DR. FELL, round whose personality still lingers mental mistiness as to why he should not be personally lovable, attempted to pose PREMIER with inquiry as to how he reached the conclusion that 9½d. was the average rate of Income Tax paid last year.

"Sir," said the PREMIER, "the figure of 9½d. is arrived at by dividing the total yield of the tax by the aggregate income of taxable persons coming under review by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The other figures are obtained by multiplying the figure of 9½d. by the estimated yield in a full year of the tax after the proposed alterations have been made, excluding and including the super-tax, and dividing by its estimated yield on the existing basis."

DR. FELL's countenance, as this painstaking explanation proceeded, was a pleasing study. As the syllables fell in slow utterance stonier and stonier grew its absence of expression. When the

last word in the stupendous second sentence was spoken, he clapped his hands to his head and stared into space.



THE CHAMPION OF OIRISH WH-I-SKY.

Tay Pay explains that the reason of its superiority (*pace* Sir John Dewar and others!) to Scotch Whisky is that it "lies idle so much longer." (The mere mention of the matter will probably be sufficient to incite the Irish consumer to remedy this national shortcoming.)

Here is another useful hint. If in forthcoming holidays ADMIRAL McKENNA will prepare for MANGNALL'S-QUESTIONS ASHLEY a few answers constructed on this model, it would lead to the saving of precious time and would earn the gratitude of Members whose questions standing lower down on the list are habitually cut out by his expansive curiosity. In this particularly hard case the dose would have to be repeated daily for perhaps a week. At end of that time it would certainly prove effective.

Business done.—Spirit Duty Resolution carried over Report stage.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—TIM HEALY back again, bringing his sheaves with him in the form of choice invective. Has his periods of "retreat," too long and too frequent for the House. Compensation found in the force and energy with which he lets himself go when he drops in on the old familiar scene. To-day he finds question of Irish tobacco to the fore. Ireland in unaccustomed mood wants something from the Treasury; a rebate on the duty of eightpence in the pound on home-grown tobacco would do to go on with. LLOYD-GEORGE sympathetic but shocked. Why, such



GETTING A BIT MIXED.

Tim Healy lunches at "The Bull."

Mr. Healy, infuriated by Mr. Harold Cox, who had thrown "chunks of John Stuart Mill" at his head, exclaimed with passionate fervour that "they [the Irish] had to wear the shoe, and all they knew was that the proof of the pudding was in the eating."

an arrangement would be pure Protection! In the form of a grant something even more liberal might be done—has indeed been conceded, and Ireland has for several years benefited by it.

TIM consumed with wrath at this evasion. Protection pleased him not, nor Free Trade either.

"They are both false," he said, with that impartiality that marks the really large mind. "There is nothing right or wrong about either. What suits you is best."

Irishmen were in the most advantageous position for knowing whether Ireland was well treated or not.

"We have to wear the shoe," cried TIM, shaking a fearsome forefinger at the cringing figure of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "and all we know is that the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

This suggestion of a sort of shoe pudding, or of four-and-twenty high-lows baked in a pie, perplexed the crowded House. Already its withers had been wrung by the testimony of Mr. GOULDING, based on the opinion of an expert, as to the peculiar quality of tobacco grown in Ireland. It seems that a cow could fill herself (as if she were a pipe) with the home-grown plant and "would not have a pain." Whereas if the same discriminating quadruped were to browse on American tobacco-plants "the results would be devastating."

All this was plain sailing compared with TIM's mystic suggestion of the top-boot or blucher pudding.

The speech stirred the somnolent House like a sudden gust of wind. Certainly it blew from the north-east, but was wholesome in its energy and freshness. Through its truculence, its rampant raging at England and all that is English, there sounded one fine note of simple eloquence. "England," TIM said, in voice trembling with suppressed emotion, "has done her best to turn the perfumed garden of Ireland into a blackened potato patch."

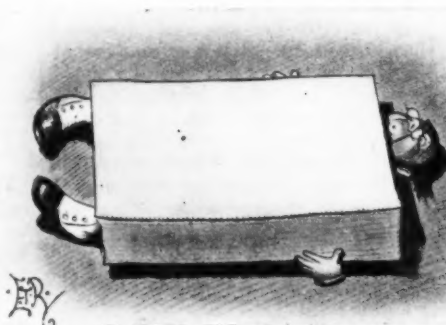
Business done.—More Budget Resolutions carried over Report stage.

Thursday.—A fortnight ago entry was made in this diary forecasting revolt against iniquitous action of Kitchen Committee in making haste to raise price of whisky consequent on higher Budget impost. As was then pointed out, it is one thing to legislate for a mob of outsiders, quite another when you find result of your action in insistent demand of waiter for another halfpenny per glass of your favourite refresher.

In regretted absence of CHAIRMAN OF

KITCHEN COMMITTEE, OR MARK LOCKWOOD (Colonel), as VICE-CHAIRMAN, the storm fell. It seems that in overweening confidence in impregnability of their position immediately on introduction of Budget the Kitchen Committee clapped a penny on the price of a full glass of whisky, with glaring absence of mathematical precision adding a similar sum to the half glass. But even the worm will turn. There followed an outburst of angry indignation, for parallel to which SARK says you must go back to the epoch that saw birth given to the Bill of Rights. Kitchen Committee promptly hauled down their flag halfway. The supertax was reduced one halfpenny. This did not wholly pacify.

Challenged across floor of House by ROBERT HORART, MARK LOCKWOOD appeared at the Table, metaphorically in a white sheet, and endeavoured to explain things away. He admitted that even the



UNDER ONE FLAG (-STONE)!

An ardent, patriotic subscriber enjoying *The Times* Empire-Day Supplement.

increase of a halfpenny per glass would leave the purveyors not only free from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's impost lamented by "the Trade," but would yield a slight increase of profits. On the other hand must be taken into account the virtue of inculcating temperance by limiting the expenditure of hon. Members upon alcoholic drinks. Finally, and this was the Colonel's great point, "Members can avoid paying the odd halfpenny by purchasing two portions at the same time."

That fetched 'em. Idea had never suggested itself. When put forward in the simple language at MARK's command it was so obvious. Good-humour immediately restored. Members of Kitchen Committee are able once more to meet for the despatch of business in their own room, a custom intermitted of late owing to the hovering round the spot of dangerous-looking pickets.

Business done.—House adjourns for Whitsun recess. Back again this day week.

MARS AND VENUS.

[Mr. HALDANE, while occupying the chair at a lecture by Professor MASTERMAN, had occasion to speak of the "general will as embodied in the State and its institutions." A Suffragette interposed with the remark that "the general will included the will of the women." Mr. HALDANE expressed a hope that "the ladies would be silent, otherwise it would be his obligation to interpret this general will." Subsequently he had the police called in, and, after the fifteenth and final ejection, declared that he had always voted for women's suffrage.]

"You speak, Mr. HALDANE," a Suffragette said,

"Of the Will of the People, whole-sale,

But has the idea ever entered your head That 'the People' are not only male?"

"The People are those," Mr. HALDANE replied,

"Whom the Vote has endowed with a Will;

And until to extend it to you we decide,

You have no right to ask it—Be still!"

"You incline to our part—or you say that you do—

And our wrongs you profess to deplore,

Yet when we endeavour to ask if it's true—

We are promptly put out at the door!"

"I owe to my office this difficult task—

By the General Will to abide; But I sympathise deeply with all that you ask—

So long as you're safely outside!"

"A very fine basket of trout was obtained by the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, Edinburgh, last week. The basket scaled about 5 lb., some of the trout averaged $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. and $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. respectively."—*Berwick Advertiser.*

Here at last is a fishing story which we could almost have believed but for the two averages and the "respectively."

The Climbers.

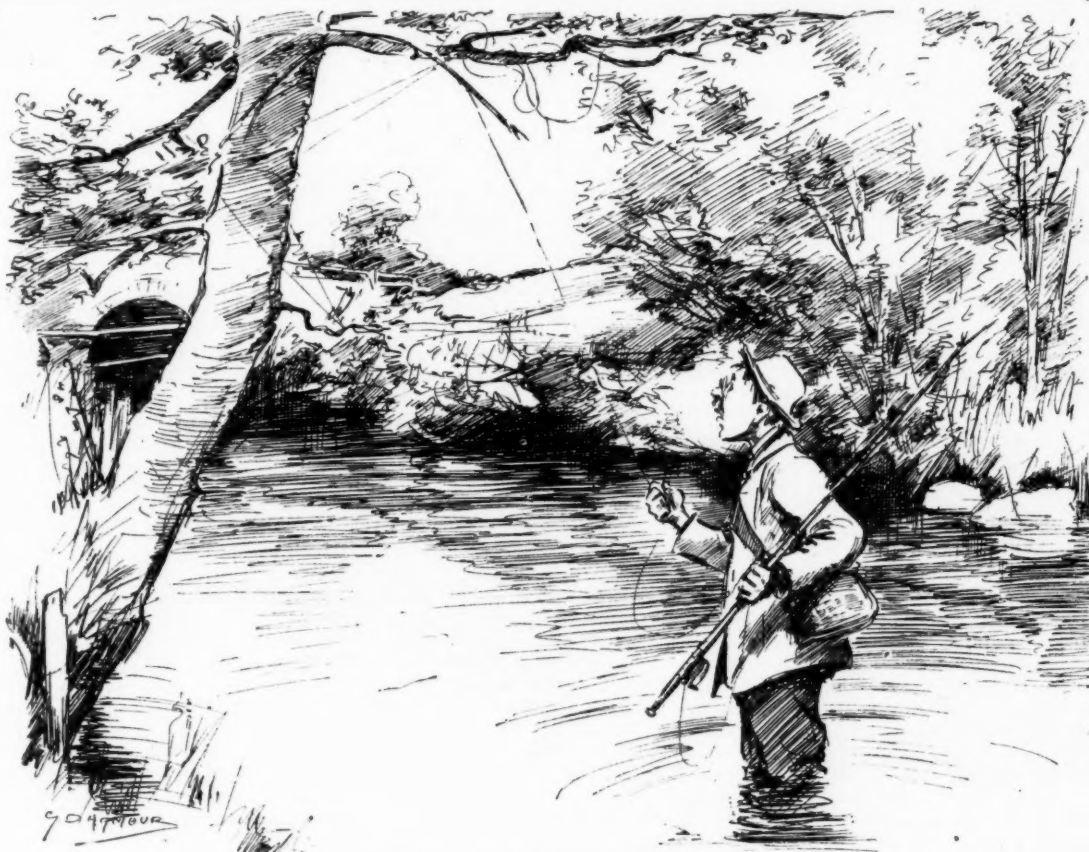
"Resolved—That the Borough Surveyor obtain tenders for dashing up the walls of this property, and submit same to the next meeting."—*Local Paper.*

We beg to submit a tender of five pounds to see him do it.

What to do with our High-water Marks.

From a letter in *The Western Morning News*:—

"And the high-water mark of indignation is raised to its zenith when an official residence is used for a Frenchman's showroom."



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.

THE BEGINNER SHOULD ALWAYS BORROW TACKLE. IT WILL SAVE HIM A LOT OF UNNECESSARY EXPENSE IN THE EVENT OF HIS DECIDING, AFTER TRIAL, NOT TO CONTINUE THE PURSUIT.

EVERY HOME ITS OWN LAW-COURT.

JANE V. PICKLES AND OTHERS.

THIS case came before *Papa* and *Uncle Toby, L.J.*, being an appeal from a decision of *Nurse, J.*, in the domestic divisional court on the previous day. *Aunt Selina, K.C.*, appeared for the appellant, and *Cousin Teaser, K.C.* (with him *Bobby*), for the respondents, who were sued through *Mamma*, their next friend.

It appeared that on the afternoon of March 11th the respondent *Pickles*, aged eight, with two others of lesser age, were left in the nursery under the charge of the appellant, during the temporary absence of *Nurse*. They had in their possession a silver coin of the realm, to wit a sixpence, which during the course of a series of unlawful frolics the respondent *Pickles*, aided and abetted by the other respondents, wilfully and maliciously dropped down the back of the appellant. The latter with some difficulty shook the said coin from her person and appropriated it. An action was at once

commenced before *Nurse, J.*, on her return. It was argued on behalf of the defendant that the action of the plaintiffs in so disposing of the sixpence clearly amounted to a constructive gift of the money to the person down whose back it was dropped. On the other hand it was contended for the plaintiffs that on account of their tender age by a legal presumption they were irresponsible for their actions, and that in any case there was insufficient evidence of malice. This view was upheld by *Nurse, J.*, who ordered that the money be forthwith restored and that the defendant pay the costs of the application. Against this decision *Jane* appealed.

Aunt Selina, K.C., for the appellant. The parting with the coin by bestowing it upon the person of her client was undoubtedly a constructive gift, even though it was not so intended by the respondents. Moreover, there was ample evidence of sufficient malice to rebut the presumption in favour of the respondents. Previous to the act over which the dispute arose they had clearly been

endeavouring to cause annoyance and discomfort to the appellant. She had been led by fraudulent representations into consuming a chocolate biscuit from which the sandwiched sweetmeat had been removed, pepper having been substituted in its place. Counsel was not sure that the respondents were not indictable for the administration of noxious drugs.

Cousin Teaser, K.C., objected. Pepper was not a noxious drug. The condiment in question had been provided for the use of the family by his learned friend herself, and if it were in any way noxious she (his learned friend) was indictable in the first instance.

The objection was allowed.

Cousin Teaser, K.C., addressed the Court with great confidence and a smut on his nose. He wondered that his learned friend had the face—

Aunt Selina (interrupting) was sorry that her learned friend had such a poor apology for one.

Cousin Teaser did not understand. A poor apology for what?

Aunt Selina. For a face. (*Hysteria.*)
Uncle Toby, L.J. This court is not a theatre. If this disgraceful disturbance occurs again I will have it cleared.

Cousin Teaser. The exhibition of puerile wit upon which the appellant relied to win her claim was in itself sufficient proof of the weakness of the case. He would however call one witness who, he hoped, would set their lordships' minds at rest once for all.

The witness Cook was then called, and deposed that that there Jane was a greedy gal, she was, and never did appreciate the pore little innercents in their little pranks, as one might say. Boys would be boys.

Aunt Selina objected to this part of the evidence as irrelevant. What was required from witness was fact, and not aphorisms however original.

Cook (resuming) further deposed that it weren't out o' no sense o' right and wrong that appellant had retained the disputed money, but because she (appellant) were that spiteful. If she (appellant) had had St. Paul's crammed down her back she'd 'a' kep' it, she would.

Aunt Selina (cross examining). You state that whatever had been pushed down this unfortunate girl's back by these depraved young scoundrels she would have appropriated?

Cook (emphatically). Which I certingly does.

Aunt Selina. Have you ever known the respondents to place chattels or even hereditaments down people's back on previous occasions?

Cook didn't know about chattels and suchlike, but she distinctly remembered that respondents had treated her in the same manner one day last month with a live frog, which she didn't mind, bless their little hearts, and made witness larf something crool it did to see the pore thing leppin' about all over her (witness's) kitching.

Aunt Selina (impressively). Did the respondents on that occasion evince the slightest desire to retain the frog in question?

Cook. They said it was a Valentine, hein', as I remember, the fourteenth o' Febuerry.

Aunt Selina. My Lords, I need not further trouble you. Respondents' own witness has admitted that under precisely similar circumstances the object in question was a gift—nay more, a sentimental gift. I leave the issue to your lordships' discretion.

Cousin Teaser interposed, but—

Papa, L.J., summing up, was of the opinion that the respondents had clearly proved their own liability.

Uncle Toby, L.J., concurred.

Appeal upheld.

Respondents, who had on more than one occasion throughout the action been detected and reproved for making unseemly grimaces at the opposing Counsel, were ordered to pay the costs, and left the court in tears. It was later unofficially understood that on urgent representations from their next friend the Court had been induced to indemnify the respondents out of its own pockets.

IN THE SHILLING SEATS.

Scene—LORD'S.

First New Comer. Hullo, is that you?

Second N. C. Yes.

First N. C. What are you doing here?

Second N. C. I just came to see the Australians.

First N. C. Are you alone?

Second N. C. Yes.

First N. C. Come and sit here.

Second N. C. Pleasure. It's a long time since I saw you.

First N. C. Isn't it? Let's see, how long. Why, it must be 1892?

Second N. C. Is it really? Yes, I suppose it is.

Third N. C. Hullo, eight wickets down. By Jove, that's good. Who's in?

Fourth N. C. Looks like GREGORY to me. Yes, that's GREGORY at the Pavilion end.

Stranger. No, that's MACARTNEY.

Third N. C. It's TRUMPER the other end, I'll swear.

Stranger. No, that's ARMSTRONG.

Third N. C. Thank you. Who's bowling, I wonder?

Fourth N. C. FIELDER, of course. Can't you see?

Stranger. No, it's BUCKENHAM bowling.

Fourth N. C. Thank you. The light's very bad. I can't see a thing.

First N. C. Where are you living now?

Second N. C. Same old place. And you?

First N. C. I've moved to Bayswater. Why, your boy must be quite an age now?

Second N. C. Yes, he's at Balliol.

First N. C. And the others?

Second N. C. My eldest girl was married last week. Let's see, has NOBLE been in yet?

First N. C. He's out, I think. The cards are very slow in coming.

Stranger. NOBLE's out.

First N. C. Thank you.

Second N. C. Where's FRY?

First N. C. I don't see him for the moment.

Third N. C. That's FRY at mid-on.

First N. C. Thank you.

Stranger. No, FRY's not at mid-on. FRY's third man.

First N. C. Thank you.

Third N. C. I'm afraid he's mistaken. FRY's at mid-on. That's GILLINGHAM at third man.

First N. C. Oh no, I know GILLINGHAM. He's very different.

Stranger. FRY is at third man. No one else walks like that.

Second N. C. Who's captain?

First N. C. I don't know. WARNER, I think.

Stranger. No, FRY.

Second N. C. Thank you.

First N. C. There's a card boy at last. Hi, card!

Stranger. It's no good calling. He can't get here for hours. You must go and get one.

Voice. Card.

Another voice. Here, card!

Another voice. Card!

Another voice. Card!

Voices together. Card!

First N. C. How stupidly this is managed. I'll toss you who goes for one. (*They toss.*)

Second N. C. (returning). He'd just sold out.

First N. C. What rot! The whole system's absurd.

Stranger. Will you look at my card?

First N. C. Thank you. (*Reads.*) Hullo, why TRUMPER's out. A duck, too. What a shame!

Third N. C. Hullo, what are they going in for? Not tea, surely, with only one wicket still to fall.

Stranger. Yes, tea.

[*Cries of derision and catcalls from all round the ring, as the players begin to troop off.*]

First N. C. Well, I call it a scandal.

Second N. C. A perfect outrage. I hope the crowd will protest.

Fourth N. C. Tea, indeed! Fancy the old cricketers asking for a tea interval.

First N. C. In my time they used on a hot day to bring out a loving cup. Tea! Cricket's going to the dogs.

[*The hoots continue. FRY is seen to sprint for the Pavilion and call up to the Australians' balcony. The next man in runs lightly down the steps and makes for the pitch. The cricketers turn round and follow him. The crowd cheers.*]

First N. C. That's a very good thing; there might have been a very ugly scene. *Third N. C.* Very sensible of WARNER, wasn't it?

Fourth N. C. WARNER! That wasn't WARNER; that was FOSTER.

Stranger. It was FRY.

Fourth N. C. Thank you.

First N. C. Well, I don't suppose the new man will last long.

(*THOMPSON bowls him.*)

First N. C. There—what did I say?

The Crowd. Now they can drown themselves in tea if they like.



Old Nurse (to newly-married couple, after viewing the wedding presents). "WELL, MY DEARS, YOU OUGHT TO BE VERY 'APPY. THERE AIN'T A THING AMONGST 'EM AS A PAWNBROKER WOULDN'T BE PLEASED TO 'ANDLE."

THE REVENGE.

(A True Story from Odessa.)

THREE students of Odessa
Were Leo, Nic and Jan;
They loved to smoke and crack a joke,
They loved to clink the can;
They loved to flirt with Tessa,
Marie, and Olga too,
They loved their larks, these gay young
sparks,
As sparks are apt to do.

In vain would staid professors
Attempt by hook or crook
To wean those boys from giddy joys
And bring them all to book.
The hardened young transgressors
Just winked the other eye,
And thought, "Why turn our brains to
learn
The square of $x + y$?

"There's Ivan! Ivan knows it!
He loves to sit and cram,
And we'll contrive to sit next Ivo
When doing our exam."
And so with many a *prosit*
To Ivan's subtle brain

They laughed and joked and chaffed and
smoked
And clinked the can again.

The day, so dread and fateful,
At length must needs arrive,
When all the three arranged to be
Close round the desk of Ivo;
And, feeling duly grateful
That he was well prepared,
They made a note of what he wrote
And $x + y$ was squared.

That night there was much dining,
And Ivo was toasted well;
They wished him health, they wished
him wealth,
More times than I can tell.
But every silver lining
Must have its leaden cloud:
The pass-list came, and oh, the shame!
All four of them were ploughed!

Then wroth waxed Nic and Leo,
And Jan was far from cool;
'Twas clear as day, decided they,
That Ivan was a fool;
And straight the outraged trio
Together strode abroad,

And Ivo was thrashed and kicked and
bashed
For being such a fraud.

Now sad their situation
Deep in a dungeon vault;
Grim, grim their fate, for they await
Their trial for assault.
Yet great their provocation,
And when the lads are tried
The judge—who knows?—may think
their blows
Were not unjustified.

Throwing Good Money after Bad.

"The per-capita wealth of the little town of Cunnersdorf has been suddenly increased as a consequence of the visit of a Berlin merchant, who sought to cure a temporary fit of metal (*sic*) depression by throwing away handfuls of money and precious stones."—*Daily Mail*.

O M R W
"Crawford 1 ... 0 ... 160 ... —"
—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

We can imagine his appeal for "just one more over," and the captain's apologetic refusal.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR JOHN ARDAGH was of the class of men that has made, extended, and still preserves the British Empire. For a period of forty years, between 1868 and 1907, he was active in the service of his country. His range of experience was singularly wide. Gazetted to the Royal Engineers in his nineteenth year, he was appointed, while still young, to the post of Secretary to the Committee on Fortifications, in which capacity he visited Halifax and Bermuda. He was in Paris at the occupation of the Germans, assisted at the Congress of Berlin, served on the Bulgarian Boundary Commission, was sent to Egypt during the crisis of which ARABI was the central figure, fought in the Soudan, was Private Secretary to Lord LANSLOWNE when Viceroy of India, was at The Hague during the Conference of 1899, being temporarily borrowed from the Intelligence Department, of which he was the head before and during the Boer War. It seems to have been an impulse common to the Foreign Office and the War Office, whenever a good man was wanted, straightway to send for ARDAGH.

The story of this strenuous Life (MURRAY) is told by Lady ARDAGH. No temptation would have made him place it on record with his own hand. As modest as he was courageous and capable, he was almost morosely reticent about his own achievements. This characteristic was most notable during the dark days of the Boer War. As chief of the Intelligence Department, uninstructed critics naturally turned and rent him when discovery was made of the hopeless inefficiency of the Army, and of the Administration's colossal ignorance about the strength and resources of the Boers. ARDAGH bore other people's burdens in silence. It was only when the Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the unhappy business that disclosure was made of the fact that the counsels and warnings of the Intelligence Department had been systematically ignored by a Government fully and accurately informed. Lady ARDAGH has done well to lift the veil from this noble figure.

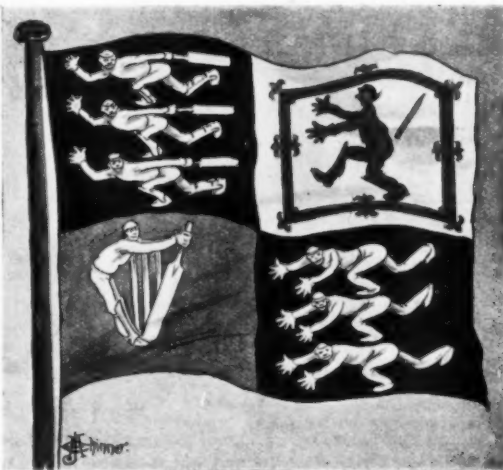
Priscilla of The Good Intent is not, as you might reasonably suppose from the title, a seafaring romance, but a story of life in a north-country village, as it is imagined by Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. I put in that last remark because, with every possible respect for an author of multifold achievement, I am unable to believe a word he says about the inhabitants of Garth. Good Intent was the name of a farm, where dwelt heroine *Priscilla*, and was wooed of two swains, *David the Smith* and the returned ne'er-do-well squire, *Reuben Gaunt*. Eventually, after a fever epidemic which tries the true metal of *Gaunt* (and the author's treatment of this is by far the best thing in the book), *Priscilla* marries him, amid prospects of the rosiest. At least we are told so; but as a matter of fact all the persons of the tale are so palpably artificial that it is impossible to credit them with any future existence whatever. They are the autumnal rustics of Drury Lane rather than those of life;

and their dialogue, with its almost maddening frequency of poetic metaphor, proclaims their origin on every page. Still, Mr. SUTCLIFFE's pictures of Fell country are so alluring that he has almost persuaded me to renew an old acquaintance with it this very month; though, like the conjuror in *Peter Pan*, I "haven't any hope really" that the inhabitants will prove such a company of inglorious Miltons as he would have me picture them.

Another *Priscilla*, of *Priscilla and Charybdis* (CONSTABLE), was a farmer's daughter, with modern ideas on milking and manure, whose parents married her to a plausible and well-to-do scoundrel. Luckily, however, for her peace of mind they were no sooner married than separated. As they were leaving the church her newly-made husband was arrested on a charge of fraud, and clapped into prison, and the newspapers, shortly after his release, reported that he was drowned. So *Priscilla*, guilelessly believing what they said, married the squire, a shiftless youth without much backbone, and made a man and a Member of Parliament of him by the

example of her own resolute character. But, just when they were beginning to live happily ever after, the scoundrel turned up again, and held a pistol at the squire's head, one barrel loaded with blackmail, the other with the law, exclaiming, "Your money or my wife!" The squire was for giving him neither, and must infallibly have got the worst of the encounter, if a previous victim of the scoundrel's had not saved the situation by killing him with a pitchfork. And, after all, she need not have done it (except as a relief to her own feelings), because it turned out that *Priscilla's* first marriage had been conducted by a sham parson. However, it's no use crying over spilt blood, and we must take Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE's book as we find it, and be as thankful as we can. Its title is, perhaps, the worst thing about it, for there is no suggestion that *Priscilla* in the story itself stands for one of two alternative perils. The jingle of sounds—a little arbitrary in any case—might have served if it had called up any corresponding association of ideas; but it doesn't, and so it is just a jingle.

Mr. BERNARD CAPES has returned to romance proper without polemic interludes on style, and that is an excellent thing, because I would not willingly have missed a page of *The Love Story of St. Bel* (METHUEN). The scene is laid in fourteenth-century Siena, and (except for the heroine and a very unpleasant hunchback who impersonates his brother, the perfect knight *St. Bel*, and may in fact be termed the dragon) *St. CATHERINE* is the most prominent personage in the book. Of course, when a writer introduces an historical *dea ex machina* (and the Saint occupies this rôle in settling the feuds of the *contado*), there is likely to be a good deal of creaking about the ropes; but Mr. CAPES knows them so well that it is hard to believe he was not there in person, disguised as an arbalister or a Black Dominican. His characters talk in an archaic manner which is admirably sustained from start to finish without ever becoming tiresome, and that is no small testimony to the author's skill.



DESIGN FOR STANDARD TO BE USED AT CRICKET MATCHES WHEN THE YOUNG PRINCES ATTEND.